

HOMEMADE DRESSES.

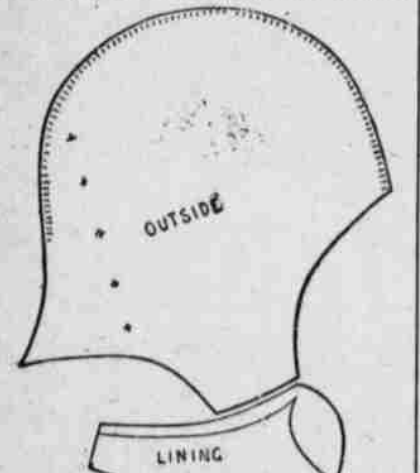
IMPORTANT FACTS TO NOTE IN FINISHING A BASQUE.

Careful Pressing of Seams Helps to Secure a Perfect Fit. How to Make Draped Collars,

Lapels and the Fashionable Gilet and Puff Sleeves.

When the model lining has been basted, try it on and leave the seams on the outside. With pins take in all the seams until they fit the figure perfectly. Then iron the seams flat, with the pins still in, which will mark the seams for future use. After this trim off the superfluous stuff and cut a pattern from muslin or paper for future use, as it will save much time. The lining should then be placed on the material, the front coming even with the two selvedge edges. The side pieces and backs can all be cut out of one width by a little careful management. If there is no up and down to the stuff, if there is, it will require more goods. The lining and outside are now to be basted firmly together, each piece separately, after which the whole bodice may be basted again to be tried on, this time right side out, and all the seams, trimmed neatly. If the waist fits—and it will if properly basted—it can be seamed up. The seams should be taken on the outside of the bodice, as they are elastic, being loose, and therefore they stretch.

The seams should be pressed apart and the bones sewed in. Each has her own preference about the sewing in of bones. They can be bought now ready prepared, and all that is necessary is to sew the edges of the tape to the pressed seams. The finishing of the waist is now so widely different in different cases that only a general idea can be given. Basque waists are faced up and pressed, and whatever style or kind of trimming there may be set on afterward. Few dresses now, except tailor gowns, and they not always, have buttons. They close invisibly by hooks or laces. Lapels are just now favorite trimmings on waists. They are made in triangles in form, lined with stiff wigan and faced with some kind of silk. The outside may be of the dress material or of velvet, moire, or, in fact, any suitable material. The great object is to have them stiff. Some dressmakers wire the edges. Every seam should be pressed with a hot iron, except silk and velvet. The collar and the style of closing the front differ so greatly that no set rule can be given for them all. The one thing to



GIGOT SLEEVE WITH THIRT LINING. remember is that accuracy is the turning point between a clumsy and a perfect gown. The draped collar is the favorite at present and is made by having a stiff lining and silken facing, with whatever is used for the outside crunched or shirred over the outside. A small rosette may finish the collar.

Where there is a full vest front effect desired, or a drapery of any kind arranged on a waist, the lining should be fitted and finished to lining first and the rest done after.

At the present moment the sleeve is the distinguishing point of the costume, and it is enormous. It requires 1 1/2 yards of 34 inch goods to make a pair of gigot sleeves, and even then the corners often have to be pieced, but that does not show in the folds. The lining to a gigot sleeve is exactly like that to a loose coat sleeve. The outside is to be gathered around the top until it is reduced to the size of the lining, and then the edges are overcast at the top, and the rest puffed as usual, and the seam taken up, and the wrist faced and pressed. The diagram given here shows an ordinary gigot sleeve. From shoulder to wrist in the highest part it measures 39 inches and in width 28. If it has to be pieced, the proper place to piece it is the underarm part marked with a line of X marks. If a musquitine is desired, it is shown of the upper part is the same. The lower part is cut two inches wider and is gathered and tucked and finished with a lace or ribbon.

Ballet puffs are much liked for home wear, and they are made by gathering a full piece of material to a cord, sleeve, lining, which has the lower portion made of the same or a contrasting color. The variation in sleeves, however, are all based upon the coat sleeve foundation and are so largely a matter of personal taste that it is not necessary to enlarge upon them. A few general remarks may be made, however. The sleeves for dress occasions may be of a number of tulle or chiffon ruffles over a foundation in coat form. The light silk are made in puffs four times the length of the upper arm and four times the width of the sleeve lining. All this fullness is then draped up in rich folds, enough to bring it into partially reasonable dimensions. It requires nine yards of 24 inch silk for these puffs and one yard for the forearm pieces.

OLIVE HARPER.

The Rule For Salted Almonds. The thrifty woman can prepare her own salted almonds according to this rule: Shell, blanch and dry half a pound of almonds. Lay them in a clean tin pan, with a couple of teaspoons of butter, and put them in a rather hot oven. Shake the pan frequently, that the almonds may color evenly. When of a uniform light brown, take them out, drain them in a colander on brown paper and sprinkle them lightly with salt.

On one point in current fashions there is no doubt—that toques are taking the place of bonnets and hats to a great extent.

The U. S. Gov't Reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.

HENS OR PULLETS?

Young Birds Give the Best All Around Profits.

The question of laying qualities of hens and pullets is not yet settled. Some claim that a hen 2 or 3 years of age will lay more eggs and better eggs than a pullet. But a writer in Farm Poultry says he has tested with care the profits of each and finds it best to turn off the old birds when they are about 18 months old and have early hatched pullets ready to take their places. Of course he refers to the farmer and not the fancier. He says: A fancier who wants his best egg yield to come in March, April and May can be very well content with few or no eggs during the period of the molt and sluggish laying during December, January and February, because the rest and recuperation of that period prepare the older birds to compete closely with the pullets during the months when the eggs are wanted for hatching. The farmer, on the contrary, wants eggs in November, December and January if he wants to get the prices which pay the cream of the profit. The very reason why eggs are scarce and high in October, November and December is because the 1 and 2 year olds are taking a rest molting and recuperating from the molt and the great bulk of the pullets are not yet laying. Here is an example, which we have quoted before, taken from our experience one year that we kept 135 hens and pullets:

	Average price	Value
No. of eggs	per dozen	of eggs
December.....1,525	38	\$58.45
January.....2,025	39	\$79.00
April.....2,252	35	\$78.90

It costs us about \$1.35 a year to feed a fowl, which would be \$14.00 a month for 125, and we find that the December and January eggs paid a profit of \$37.43 and \$37.64 respectively, while April, with a larger number of eggs, paid but \$13.84 profit. Take the example of the "Four Thousand Eggs in December," which we published last February. The exact number of eggs laid was 3,957, which were sold at 40 down to 30 cents a dozen, practically \$130. The food bill at 11 1/2 cents per fowl a month is \$42.75, giving us a net profit of \$87.25 in a month when most of the 1 and 2 year old hens are resting. A comparison of the egg yield of some of those pens, as given in the "Study of the Egg Yield," shows that 192 pullets laid 2,392 of those eggs, practically 12 1/2 eggs apiece, while 72 1-year-old hens laid but 350 eggs, a little less than five eggs apiece. In other words, the year old hens paid for their food and a very small margin of profit, while the pullets paid for their food and a good big profit besides.

Ventilate the Henery. Ventilation, properly arranged, is essential to the health of the fowls in winter, and it tends to increase their egg laying. Every henery should have a ventilator, but it should always be closed tight on the approach of cold weather. Many ventilators do more harm than good. The idea is to keep the air circulating only when the weather is warm. During cold weather sufficient ventilation can be given by throwing the doors and windows open in the day time. If impure odors seem to affect the inhabitants of the house, the one thing needed is a thorough cleaning throughout. Cold winds and drafts from ventilators cause the death of more fowls than almost anything else in the improved sort of henhouses. Ventilation is essential to the health of the fowls, and hence to their egg laying, but it can only be obtained by forethought and care. Watch the thermometer and regulate the air accordingly. It will pay in the end.

A Good Ration. One man who lives on the outskirts of the city keeps about 300 hens. The morning feed consists of a warm mash. Sometimes it is composed of bran, middlings and ground corn and oats, and sometimes of but one or two of these. A little egg food is added to this mash three times per week. The refuse and scraps from five restaurants are obtained daily, and these form the noon feed for the birds. At night their feed consists of mixed grain. No green food or vegetables are given them except such as are among the waste from the restaurants. Grit is given them in the form of crushed limestone, which is bought already prepared. These fowls lay remarkably well, and the secret of it is in the variety of food they get among the restaurant scraps.

Poultry Notes. In buying new stock be sure to purchase from reliable breeders. There seem to be more opportunities for cheating in the poultry business than in any other. A good cure for roup is to put three drops of camphor on a piece of bread to give to the fowl. In two or three days it will be all right. When fowls habitually lay this shelled eggs, their systems are not in a healthy condition and have generally become enfeebled by overfeeding and getting overfat. Thorough change of diet, air, sun and exercise will be followed by the production of perfect eggshells.

It is said sunberries will cure cholera. A neighbor had cholera in his flock, and as soon as he commenced feeding sunberries they ceased dying and were soon entirely well.

How many of the farmers are there, do you think, that kill off the old hens each year and depend on the early hatched pullets for their egg supply? And yet we can assure them that the egg supply will greatly increase with the same number of pullets as of the old birds.

After the first year a hen has generally seen her best days as a layer, and she will generally lay on fat instead of eggs. How much better to have pullets that will lay three days and lay off one than old hens that lay one day and lay off three!

During the winter, when the hens cannot be given a good range, it is a good plan to give them meat twice a week.

Good Old Granny Metcalf, 86 years old, living at 618 Monroe street, Paducah, Ky., says that Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is the best grip cure, cough, lung and bronchial remedy that has been offered to the people during her life. Guaranteed and sold by Short & Haynes, Cloverport; Dr. R. H. McCallin, McDaniels; M. Meyer & Co., Buys; Geo. Heyser, Conestoga; A. Taylor, Rosetta; Drury, Bennett & Co., Bewleyville; W. E. Brown, Irvington, Ky.; Jno. P. Nichols, Gardfield, Ky. A. R. Morris, Big Spring, Ky.

"Chickamauga," a stirring story of love and adventure, will soon appear in this paper.



Mrs. M. E. Wade, Stoneville, Tenn.

A Helpless Invalid Kidney and Liver Trouble and Nervous Debility

16 Years of Suffering Ended by Taking Hood's.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: The effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla in my case have been truly marvelous. It has surpassed any other medicine I have ever taken. For 16 years I was troubled with torpid liver, kidney trouble and nervous debility, and was

A Helpless Invalid. I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for three months and I feel that I am cured. I feel better now than I have for sixteen years. I thank God first, for his health, and C. I. Hood & Co., second, for Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have recommended it to all my neighbors and several of them are using Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results. I am 51 years old and yet feel as old as 40." Mrs. E. W. Wade, Stoneville, Tenn.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

IT WAS ONLY A SINGLE LETTER.

But It Made All the Difference In the Wide, Wide World.

"Mercy on us, what is the matter?" cried the girl with the funnello-like skirts. "You don't look like a girl who is about to receive congratulations."

"And I don't feel like one either. I've had such a atrocious time, and Charles is not at all sympathetic. He laughs like a maniac every time the subject is referred to."

"What is it all about?"

"A baby, my dear. A baby who?"

"Cried in the next room and kept you awake all night?"

"No. It kept me awake without crying. You know Charles had an awfully nice married sister. They are great swells!"

"I know. But she is a woman of one idea, and that idea is expressed in a word of four syllables."

"Baby—yes. Well, she invited Charles and me to dine with them on family the other evening. The baby was brought in with the salad."

"I was wearing those dear little side combs of mine, and they attracted the baby, who cried to come to me. The mother was so pleased, she said the baby was such a judge of character. I was all of a flutter."

"Didn't you know how to hold it?"

"Oh, yes, but the side combs hold the curls on, that's all. By and by Charles saw my anguish and got the baby away. Then I told the mother how beautiful and intelligent it was and how much I had heard about it."

"I thought so. She told me the next day that you were perfectly charming."

"She wouldn't say that now. I asked her what she called it, for I didn't know whether it was a boy or a girl, and after saying I had heard so much about it I did not dare to ask. She had got it in her arms again and was kissing it, so she mumbled something that sounded like 'Francis.'"

"That was a good way to find out."

"I thought so. The next day I went down to the doll bazaar and bought the baby the biggest doll I could find, then sent it with a note saying that I hoped Francis would appreciate the fact that while it was not as pretty as herself it was the best I could do."

"Of course you wanted to stand well with his people?"

"But I don't. The child is a boy. His name is Francis, and his mother says I am a mean, deceitful creature, and she will never speak to me again as long as she lives."—Chicago Tribune.

Won by His Wits. The persistence of a street urchin who wishes to earn money is sometimes annoying, but generally excusable. Now and then it becomes amusing and almost irresistible.

"Say, mister, do you want your valise carried?" asked such a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the depot.

"No, I don't," answered the man a little sharply.

"I'll carry it to the depot for a dime," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" said the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim.

"No, I don't," said the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and intense inquiry on his round, dirty face, "what are you carrying it for? Why don't you set it down?"

In spite of himself the man's mouth twitched, and with a "There, take it!" he passed over the bag to his persistent companion, who staggered rapidly along without another word until the depot was reached, where he received the coveted 10 cent piece with a beaming smile.—Youth's Companion.

In the Stumps. There was a Christmas celebration at the mission chapel in the slums, and the children of the poor were getting at least a taste of the good things of the season. One little fellow's share in the first distribution was a sweet cake elephant about six inches high. He sat far back in the room, and he had been watching the things go round for a long time before they came to him, and now he was pretty hungry before he came in. When the teacher reached him, he was very eager and could scarcely wait for his turn, and he grabbed for it voraciously.

"Holly gee!" he exclaimed, measuring it with his eye. "Why didn't they give me one like this?"—Detroit Free Press.

Colonel Scott's Poker Story. Colonel James W. Scott's latest story is of a man whose wife was reproaching him for his fondness for an indulgence in poker.

"But, my dear," remonstrated the husband, "it is a very modest game, and we have only a 10 cent limit."

"But, why," said the wife, "argued his wife pleadingly, 'why have any limit at all?'"—Chicago Record.

A Sure Sign. A—How do you know that Maler has come in for a fortune? B—Why, formerly people always said he was crazy. Now they say he is original.—Lustine Blatter.

WOMEN IN DOUBT USE PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

GETTING EVEN.

Kow a Discarded Miss Revenged Herself on Her Mother.

"Oh, Beattie, what a dear, delightful little hat! What is it?"

"Beattie!"

"Trimmed with those sweet little tails. Now take it off and come and sit down by the fire and tell me all the news. Why, it must be six months since we last met, just when you got engaged to Reggie, you know. Give me your gloves, dear. That's right—Beattie!"

"What's the matter?"

"Where's your ring?"

"My engagement ring?"

"Yes."

"It's off."

"I see it is. Have you lost it?"

"I'm not speaking of the ring, Mab. I'm speaking of the engagement."

"What—the engagement's off?"

"Yes."

"Goodness gracious! What's happened?"

"Ah!"

"Have you thrown him over?"

"No."

"Then he's thrown you over?"

"Yes."

"Who for?"

"You'll never guess."

"Then I won't try. Who is it?"

"I'll tell you presently."

"Shall you have him up for breach?"

"No."

"No? You don't seem to mind much."

"I don't mind at all. Can you sit there and tell me that you don't mind losing over so many thousands of pounds?"

"I'm not sitting here and telling you anything of the sort."

"Then wasn't it true that Reggie would come into heaps of money when his father died?"

"Quite true, and that's just it."

"What do you mean? Why can't you speak out and tell me instead of being so mysterious?"

"Well, I will. Reggie is going to marry my mother."

"What?"

"My mother has cut me out."

"She's only 35, you know, and—"

"But does she love Reggie?"

"Ah!"

"Does Reggie love her?"

"I don't know, but I believe."

"How long has he known her?"

"Only since she returned from Cannes—about a month."

"Reggie's only a boy. However did your mother manage it?"

"She's much prettier than I am, and—well, there you are."

"Reggie'll be your father instead of your husband."

"Isn't it funny? But funnier things must happen than that."

"When did you know?"

"Last night. My mother knew I wasn't desperately fond of Reggie, and she then told me that she was, so I just gave him to her."

"And his money?"

"And his possible money. But what puzzles me is that you take it all so quietly."

"I'm perfectly satisfied."

"You seem quite to lose sight of the fact that Reggie is the only son of a very rich father."

"That's just what I don't lose sight of. That's why I'm so satisfied."

"I've no patience with you."

"My mother has certainly cut me out!"

"Well!"

"But I've cut her out."

"How?"

"And Reggie out."

"How?"

"I'm engaged to his father."

"Goodness gracious me! Then you will be Reggie's mother."

"In a way."

"And he'll be your father, and you'll be mother-in-law to your own mother, and, oh, dear me—ha, ha, ha!"—Buffalo Express.

A Free Lunch Plot.

"Excuse me," said the seedy man, sliding up to the well-dressed citizen, "if I don't mistake, you are just going into the saloon to buy a drink or a cigar or something."

"I am going to buy myself a drink," answered the citizen, with an accent on the pronoun.

"Oh, I didn't want to brace you for no ball! What I want you to do is to take this here nickel and ask me to have a beer with you."

"I—I don't quite catch on."

"I'll tell you. If I go in and drink with a fine, well-fixed man like yourself, I'll afterward stand there and stow away all the lunch I want to. If I go in looking as I do, with my little old one nickel, I'd get thrown out before I had a chance to take more than four or five forksful of the beans and a sandwich or two."

The deal was made.—Cincinnati Tribune.

At the Sign of the Hand.

She was a guileless, innocent thing, and as she passed a sign which read, "Gloves repaired and repaired," she thought of something all of a sudden and went into the shop.

"I believe you clean and repair gloves here, don't you?" she said to the clerk.

"Yes, ma'am," he replied.

"Well, I have one at home that I'll send down to you. It doesn't need cleaning very much, but I want it repaired. I've lost the mate to it."

Then she retired, and the clerk is waiting and wondering how he will get square with that sign.—Detroit Free Press.

Free ed.

"Do you love me, mamma?"

"Yes, my child."

"But not so much as I love you, I am sure."

"Why not?"

"Because you have to divide your love between me and my two sisters, while I have only one mamma to love."—Figaro.

Whither Are We Drifting?

Lawyer (in 1904): "You want a divorce from your wife? On what ground?"

Husband (sobbing bitterly): "Non-support, ma'am. I have had to earn my living for a whole year. And I was raised, oh, so delicately!"—Chicago Tribune.

Accustomed to Something Like It.

"It's all wonderfully interesting," said one of the fair visitors at the big pecking house, "but the odors are very trying."

"Why, I don't observe any odors," said the one whose husband is a naturalist.—Chicago Record.

A Modest Effort.

Teacher—I will award the medal to the boy who suggests the most appropriate motto for the schoolroom.

Dick Hicks—We study to please.—New York World.

Superior to Time.

It is strange, said a jeweler on Twenty-third street, but women seldom ever consult the official timepiece in the window. A man involuntarily pulls out his watch to set it by the standard time from the United States observatory, and if he passes ten timekeepers in a day would be apt to compare with half of them, but a woman, unless she is very businesslike, wouldn't pull out her watch to regulate it, not as she passed 100 standard timepieces. She is superior to time.—New York Recorder.

The Indian name of the Schuylkill river was Mauryunk; hence the name of a Pennsylvania town.

Cecilia Jane Woolfolk.

Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death.—Phil. 1, 20.

Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.—Mat. 11, 26.

Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee.—Psalm 55, 26.

Enter thee into the joy of thy Lord.—Mat. 25, 21.

Let the beauty of the Lord, our God, be upon us.—Psalm 90, 17.

If ye love me keep my commandments.—John 14, 15.

All things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. 8, 28.

Judge not that ye be not judged.—Matt. 7, 1.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—2 Thers. 5, 22.

Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more.—John 8, 11.

Examine yourselves whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves.—11 Cor. 13, 5.